The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Artist's Tale.

PERCHANCE the artist's tale you know,
Who, from the children, long ago,
That round his window played,
Sought out a sweet Italian child,
So pure, so beautiful, so mild,
That he his face portrayed.
The picture of the innocent,
On which his earnest eye was bent,
He hung upon his wall;
And mused, full many a lonely hour
On one whose sweetness had the power
A bright day to recall.
You, who with love and hope have smiled,
While thinking of some favorite child
Who plays about your home,
May weep to think how time and care,
Or sin and vice their lines may wear
On features innocent and fair,
When evil days shall come.

The picture of the model child
Serenely from the canvas smiled,
Though many years had flown;
And seemed as sweet as on the day
When, with the children at their play,
Rung out, among the glad and gay,
His voice's merry tone.
You, too, perchance, may dream, to-night,
Of one with brow, so pure, so white,
So free from every stain,
That you may fondly hope that he
His early peace and purity
In manhood may retain.

In after years the painter found
In prison cell a felon bound
For crimes of deepest dye;
And deemed that, in no earthly place,
So hideous and so vile a face
Would ever meet his eye;
And then he traced with faithful hand
This leader of some desperate band,
Whose bloated cheek and eyeballs wild
Might contrast with the lovely child
Whose picture graced his room.

The demon's fierce and horrid glare,
The angel's look serene and fair,
Hang in the light and gloom;
And as from this to that you turn,
After the artist's work is done,
You soon with pain and sadness learn,
The child you love, the man you spurn,
Are both too truly one!

S. S. Gazette.

For the Myrtle.

More about Nanzette.

WHEN Henrick and Alsyne awoke the next morning it was not quite light, so they began to talk of this strange event which had happened to them, and to wonder what they ought to do under the circumstances. Henrick thought he had better get neighbor Carl to take the barrel of apples to market when he carried his butter. Neighbor Carl was wise as well as rich, and he would know how much money he ought to get for them, and whether the payment was made correctly—for Henrick had possessed so little that he feared to trust himself to count so large a sum as he supposed the apples would bring.

"And what shall we do with the money when we get it?" inquired Alsyne.

"O! put it in a box on the topmost shelf of the cupboard," said Henrick.

"But thieves might find it there," said Alsyne, who had never before had fear of thieves. "I should feel anxious about it every moment; besides, what good would it do us in the cupboard? We might buy anything we would like to have."

"You foolish woman!" said Henrick. "Do you want to buy a lace gown and silver shoes, and dress like a queen? Do you not see that we can now be as rich as Carl, and have four cows and five acres of land? What more could any sensible woman want?

He spoke severely, and Alsyne began to cry. "I do not want to dress like a queen," sobbed she, smothering in her tears the vision of a new gray flannel gown and gorgeous red shawl, such as she had once seen on the wife of Carl, and which had been bright before her eyes all night. "I do not see the use of buying cows when we can pour cream from a pitcher. I think a churn would be more useful; then we could make butter to sell."

"To be sure we could! I never thought of that," said Henrick, vexed that this sensible suggestion had not come from him. "A churn we must buy, and then we must save our money and become rich."

Alsyne's heart sank again. "What will be the use of having money, if we are to get no good by it?" asked she.

This question Henrick was not prepared to answer, and so he said nothing. He had the idea that the possession of a sum of money was happiness enough, but he was not quite sure, so he did not speak.

While they thought about it they heard a tinkling sound, and opened their eyes, and there stood Spud, the house-fairy, looking very grave. His hands were in his pockets, and he shook his head with a wise expression, but his eye twinkled as though there was a laugh inside.

"Tut! tut! tut! good people," said he, "this will never do! You are likely to spoil your good fortune before you realize any of it. You may use and give away all you please, but,"—and his countenance grew severe—"never make merchandise of fairy gifts. Give freely to all that need, and the gifts shall not fail, but if you sell them for money they will not only bring you misfortune, but the apples will diminish in size and become worthless, and the cream grow poorer and at length cease to flow.

"You shall have a churn, Alsyne, and may make all the butter you wish to use, or give away to God's children, but never take anything in return. Give to the poor and trust in God to repay you."

He then placed a neat churn upon the table, and clink! he had disappeared.

Henrick and Alsyne now bounded out of bed, and, half-dressed, examined the churn. It was made of strong oak wood, and the bands that held it together were of silver. The wood was curiously carved in pictures, but they were in such a hurry to set their churn to work that they did not stop to examine them. Alsyne hastily brought the silver pitcher and poured cream until the churn was full, and Henrick churned until the butter came, little Nanzette watching every motion with great earnestness.

They breakfasted that morning on oat-meal cakes, sweet butter and the beautiful red apples. and Nanzette chatted in high glee about the new churn, which to her seemed as charming and important an acquisition as a new grand piano would to the little readers of the MYRTLE.

After breakfast Alsyne filled a wooden plate with little balls of fresh butter, as fragrant as May-flowers, and sweet as honey, and another with the finest apples, ready to give to whoever might be found to want it.

Soon an old woman who was on her way to the city called at the door to rest, and asked for a drink of water. Alsyne invited her to come in and refresh herself, setting before her the remains of the oatmeal cakes, with the plates of butter and apples, and poured for her a bowl of cream from the fairy pitcher.

The old woman was astonished to see food of such a fine quality in so poor a dwelling, and when she had tasted the butter she could no longer conceal her surprise.

"If the king could taste of this," said she, "he would appoint you the chief manager of his dairy, for there never was such sweet butter in the world before.

She then offered them money to pay for her breakfast, but they refused to take any.

"Give God thanks," said they to her, "for everything comes from him."

"I do thank him," said she; "but will not you sell me a little butter and a few apples? for I am going to see a friend that is sick and has no appetite. I can think of nothing better to tempt her to eat than this fine fruit and sweet butter."

So they filled a basket with the apples, and put a small plate of butter on the top, and gave it to her. She took from her purse a large piece of silver and begged them to take it, but when she saw that they were earnest in their refusal, she put it back, and spreading out her hands, asked God to bless them, their house and their land, their basket and their store, and went away.

Then a group of little ragged children called, who were going to the distant city to find employment, for they were orphans; and Alsyne took them all in, and gave them as many of the fine red apples as they could eat, and plenty of rich cream to drink, and they went on their way rejoicing. They told others of their kind reception, and all the yoor people who travelled that road learned to call for food and drink, and they thanked Alsyne and Henrick, and prayed God to bless them. And they *were* blessed, for the more they gave away the happier they grew.

That is always the way, little children. You cannot confer a favor upon another person unselfishly without God knowing it, and sending the blessing of happiness right into your own little hearts. If you have no fairy apples to give, you have something much more valuable. Love, sympathy, and kind assistance, which if rendered at the right time wherever it is needed, will not only bless those who receive it, but will be a "treasure laid up in heaven," paying the best of interest all the time into your own hearts. Henrick, Alsyne and Nanzette found it so. Henrick whistled all day at his work, and Alsyne sang happy songs, aad the laugh of little Nanzette rang pleasantly out upon the air, and all who heard them were pleased. The good fairies smiled to themselves, and congratulated Spud upon having placed his gifts in the right hands, and all were happier in the general happiness they had diffused around.

While these poor people were having so much joy, in the palace of the king there was great sorrow, for the queen of that land was very sick, and none of the great doctors could help her. She turned loathingly from all food, and everybody thought she would die. So they sent for the nurse that had taken care of her when a child, and she started in great haste, and would not even wait until they could bring a carriage for her. And she was the very old woman who called to rest at the cottage door, and who begged for some of the sweet butter and beautiful apples for a sick friend. She went to the palace and took her basket directly to the room of the queen, who had not been able yet to eat anything, and who was sinking very fast. The nurse was shocked to see her condition, and hastened to prepare some simple nourishment tor her. While occupied in this manner the fragrance of the apples filled the room and attracted the attention of the dying queen.

"O nurse!" she said, "I smelt the most delightful fragrance, like the apples I used to eat when a child. If I could only find some now, I am sure I could eat them, and they would save my life."

Then the nurse gave her a fairy apple, and she took it in her thin fingers, and it seemed as if she was a little girl again, playing under the trees in the orchard. She heard the song of the birds, the humming of the bees and the rippling of the brook, and the ripe apples lay all about upon the grass. She feared to destroy the beautiful illusion by tasting, but the nurse cut another and held it to her lips, and the juice revived her, and she ate the apple and felt refreshed.

Then the nurse had to tell her the story of the poor little hut by the sea, and the happy people that lived there, who gave their choice fruit to all that passed by, asking nothing in return. The queen thought such generosity beautiful, and wanted to see the little family so much that she sent the royal coach with six snow-white horses to bring them to the palace.

Henrick and Alsyne stood so much in awe of the grand coachman, whom they could hardly be made to believe was not the great king himself, that they could not understand what was wanted of them, but stood before the door bowing more and more humbly at every word he said.

Alsyne was the first to collect her senses, and she filled her largest basket with nice apples to present to the queen. They were soon ready, for they had no clothing to change, but they felt at first afraid to sit upon the purple velvet cushions of the coach, and when they ventured to do so, they sat bolt upright, feeling very grand and uncomfortable.

It was more wonderful than fairyland to Nanzette to dash along the road, with all the people they met bowing to them as though they were members of the royal family. They bowed in return, and Nanzette laughed and clapped her

hands, and her happy little face in a brown flannel hood left a pleasant impression upon all that saw it.

When they arrived at the palace, the nurse met them at the door lest they should be frightened, and led them through beautiful rooms and groups of waiting-ladies into the presence of the queen. She was able to sit up a little in the bed, and talked with them so simply and kindly that they felt quite at ease and told her all about Spud and what he had done for them. The queen offered them gold, but this they firmly refused, and she was quite at a loss how to repay them for the great benefit she had received.

Alsyne laughed and timidly said that she wished for nothing in the world so much as to take tea with the queen.

"Perhaps Carl's wife would hear of it," she said, "and would then be willing to be a little neighborly."

"And who is Carl's wife?" asked the queen, much amused.

"O, Carl is our rich neighbor. He has four cows and five acres of land, and his wife has a handsome brown flannel dress, and a beautiful shawl as red as a poppy; and she is proud, too, very proud, for I called upon her once to see her cows, and she has never returned the call.

The queen smiled, and ordered tea to be brought and a substantial dinner served for them in her own room.

"What would you like most of all?" she inquired of Henrick.

"To be as rich as Carl," was his whispered reply, for he was a good deal overcome by the honor which had come upon him.

"I would gladly give you the land and cows, or more money than would buy them; but if I do you will lose your fairy gift, and I tell you frankly that it is of more value than my gold. I can now think of only one thing that I can do for you, and that is, to take little Nanzette for my own child, educate her as a princess should be, and when I die she shall be queen in my place. She is a good and beautiful child, and as Heaven has not seen fit to send me any, I think it is her destiny."

Henrick and Alsyne opened their eyes as wide as they could. "Our little girl a queen!" was all they could say, but I think that both had a rather confused vision of little Nanzette riding up to their door behind six white horses, with an immense gold crown on her head, a sceptre in her hand, and looking as much like the queens in a pack of cards as anything.

A delicious dinner was served, and the queen drank a cup of tea with them, but could eat only the fruit brought her by Alsyne. Henrick ate heartily and drank two glasses of wine, which made him feel very obliging, and he signified his readiness to give up his little girl. With Alsyne it was different She clung to her child, and could not help thinking of the many lonely hours she must pass with no bright little face beside her, while Nanzette threw herself down on one of the rich ottomans at her mother's feet, and burying her face in her mother's lap, cried silently, whispering she could not stay even in a palace without her.

But the mother thought she must not let her own selfish heart, nor yet Nanzette's childish grief, stand in the child's way; for of course it would be a great deal better for Nanzette to be educated and rich. Then she thought of Carl's wife, and that she could say to her, "My daughter, the princess, came to see me, and next week I shall go to see her." That was honor unheard of! and the idea pleased her so much that when the six snow-white horses came to the door to carry them home, she kissed Nanzette and bade her good-bye, telling her to be a good girl, for now she was no longer a peasant lassie, but a princess; and they rode away as happy a pair as could be found in the kingdom.

Mrs. O. D. Miller.

For the Myrtle.

Dropping the Corn.

Out in the field, where the plow has turned over
Brown furrows, narrow and long,
Hiding the buttercup, daisy and clover,—
Children are dropping the corn,

Crows o'er the meadow are busily flitting,
Perching on hammock and thorn;
While on a tree-top their sentinel sitting,
Watches the dropping of corn.

Quails in the lowlands for "more wet" are calling:
Singing birds gladden the morn:
Snowy-white leaves from the apple-trees falling;
Children are dropping the corn.

On through the furrows, with feet bare and dusty,
Eyes bright, cheeks rosy as dawn;
Little care they be their clothes patched or rusty,
Gayly they're dropping the corn.

Back to these days they will turn when surround them
Cares, with increasing years born;
Think of their joy, and the beauty around them,
When they were dropping the corn. *H. H. D.*

For the Myrtle.

Molly's Boots.

ONCE we knew a little girl by the name of Princess. She had large black eyes, and long, curly hair, and was as full of fun and frolic as the day was long. But she was a very motherly sort of a body, too, and had a great number of pets, and dolls innumerable, and ruled over her little kingdom in a right princely way. So we thought she was well named.

Once when she had been away and came home, she found a lovely new doll sitting on her bureau, that her uncle had brought her all the way from New York. It had real hair, and a street dress of black silk, and a little hat and parasol; and Princess thought it a perfect little beauty, and hugged it to her heart with all her might. She named it Molly, after a dear friend she had been to visit, and took it with her wherever she went.

She had not had Molly long, however, nor examined her clothing many times, from top to toe, before she began to be distressed about her feet, for Molly had nothing but painted kid slip-

pers to go with her black walking-suit. Princess did not think this was in good taste ; and besides, she said, " Molly will get her death of cold if she does not have something thicker on her feet. I must go down to uncle Tony's and have her foot measured for a pair of boots."

Everybody laughed, but nobody took Princess at her word. However she seemed quite in earnest, and when her mother left her in the nursery to play, she just put on her own hat and Molly's, and gave Molly her parasol, and off they trudged down to Uncle Tony's.

He was sitting at his bench, hammering and whistling, when he heard a timid knock at the door. " Come in ! " he shouted, and then the door slowly opened and a little head all tangled over with curls came through.

" Oh, it's you, Miss Princess," said he ; "walk in, ma'am, and make yourself at home."

So bidden, Princess walked in and sat down on a stool, took off her own hat and Molly's, and smoothed down Molly's hair.

" Can I do anything for you this morning ? " asked Uncle Tony, gravely.

" I've come down to have Molly's foot measured," said she, looking up through her eyelashes.

" Who's Molly ? " asked Uncle Tony.

For answer Princess held out the little pink-slippered foot.

" Exactly," said Uncle Tony. " What kind of shoes will the young lady want,—slippers, half-high, laced or buttoned ? "

" *Boots*," said Princess, decidedly ; " walking boots, with good thick soles."

" Well, that's a sensible little mother." said Uncle Tony. " Hold out her foot here, and we'll measure it quicker than she can wink."

So Uncle Tony took out his rule and measured the length of the foot, and put a twine round the ankle, and set it all down on a bit of paper. " There, she can go now," said he.

" How much will they cost ? " inquired Princess.

" Well, I guess about ten dollars," said Uncle Tony, making as though he was reckoning the figures very closely.

" Oh," said Princess, " I haven't got but ten cents. But may-be mother will."

" Well," said Uncle Tony, " you tell your mother I will make Molly's boots for ten dollars, and she may send for them the thirty-first of June. They'll be done then if they ever are. Did you bring me a kiss ? "

" Yes, and so did Molly," said Princess, as happy as could be ; and having kissed him and held Molly up to be kissed, off she ran home.

She told her mother all about the boots, how much they would cost, and when they would be sent home ; and she danced and capered about as if she believed every word Uncle Tony had said.

" You silly child," said her mother, " don't you know there isn't any such day as the thirty-first of June ? and ten dollars is more than your boots cost. Uncle Tony was just making fun of you."

" Well, wasn't I just making fun of him ? " said Princess. " I was just *playing* boots, that's all."

And instead of going off to cry, as her mother expected, off she skipped merrily, laughing to think her mother imagined she *really* believed she could get boots made for Molly !

But that afternoon, as her mother went down town, she stopped at Uncle Tony's window.

" My little girl was down here this morning," she said, smiling, " and ordered some work done."

" Yes," said Uncle Tony ; " youngest member of the family, I take it,"

" Only three days old, so the new isn't worn off yet," said the mother. " I thought if you had a bit of morocco, I'd see what I could do for boots."

" We'll see what we can find," said Uncle Tony ; and he fished out a beautiful piece of bronze leather. Then taking the little measure and a sharp knife, he neatly cut out the bronze boots and two little soles to go with them, and gave them to Princess' mother.

" Shall I pay the ten dollars ? " said she.

" No, the kiss paid for those," said Uncle Tony.

The next morning Princess got up and found Molly in bronze boots, laced half-way to her knee. " O Molly, Molly," said she, " I guess there is a thirty-first of June ! " and she ran to her mother to find that Uncle Tony did really cut the boots, after all.

So Molly never took her death of cold, but the bronze boots lasted her as long as she lived ; until in her old age she fell over the stairs and broke her head.

We hope Princess will be as afraid of thin shoes for herself when she grows up, as she was then for Mistress Molly, and that she will give many an order like that,—" *boots ;* walking boots, with good thick soles."

H. A. B.

Good Words.

ILLINOIS.

The following, from Urbana, comes to hand under date of June 7th. We suspect S. stands for Superintendent:

Dear Myrtle:—"Hoping a few lines from your friends out West will not be objectionable, I take the liberty to send this hasty letter.

The MYRTLE is a very welcome visitor to our school every Sabbath. We could hardly do without it, after having taken it so long. The scholars, large and small, are ready and anxious to get their paper.

Since the spring of 1868, when our Sabbath School was reorganized, we have been meeting in a hall over a store, the same being used by several societies, and in consequence of its frequent use and the poor attention given to cleaning, was not a very inviting place for Sabbath School services; but with a few earnest and faithful workers, and scholars who love the school, we have stuck to the work summer and winter. Although the prospect at times looked gloomy enough for living through a hot summer or a cold and blustering winter, we persevered, and our school has been successful. Our school is increasing in numbers and interest, and has been for a year; and we trust, will increase more rapidly than ever when we get into our new church.

The few earnest Universalists here made up their minds last year, being the Centenary year of our denomination, to give the cause a good centenary gift in the way of a ten thousand dollar church, and we are happy to say the church is nearly completed, and will cost about $11,000. It is much the finest church in our small but growing city. Although the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians are much better able to build than we are, we have the finest church. The dedication will take place Sunday, June 18th, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of that day our school will meet in the new church. Your readers will be reading this letter about that time, and we trust they will feel rejoiced and thankful, and offer up their praises with ours for this great blessing. We rejoice and praise the great Giver of all good for his many blessings, and especially for this centenary gift. *S.*

NORTH CAROLINA.

The following letter from Mrs. Outlaw, although not written for publication, will be interesting to all our readers:

Dear Sirs:—I have been thinking I would write to you for some time, but have put it off from time to time until now. I have a good many correspondents, besides my son, to whom I write every week, so it keeps the most of my leisure moments employed in writing, when I am not reading. My Sunday School is doing very well. I have as smart a set of pupils "*to their chance*" as you will find anywhere; all seem perfectly delighted with the school. All the school join me in thanks to Mr. Henry B. Metcalf for sending us the MYRTLE. May Heaven's richest blessing rest on so kind a friend. One who will take the money from his own purse to pay for papers for his little Southern friends, deserves more thanks than we can give. I believe our Heavenly Father will smile on such acts of benevolence, and prosper him in temporal blessings as well as spiritual ones.

We have some other kind friends North. Mrs. Soule sends us ten *Guiding Stars* regularly. Many thanks to her for her kindness. Also Mrs. Foster of Weare, N. H., sends me a good many papers, tracts, and dialogues for the Sunday School, for which I feel very thankful. I have but little help in the Sunday School, but the large class, after they say their lessons, assist in hearing the others. JULIA E. OUTLAW."

IOWA.

From Tipton, Cedar Co., come the following "good words": —

"Our cause is progressing finely here. Our Sabbath School is growing rapidly. We think the MYRTLE a perfect little *gem* of a paper."

A Child's Thought of God.

During the late Anniversary Week in Boston, a minister of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Mr. DeWitt Talmage, said these words in an address before the Young Men's Christian Association:

"He thought that the example of his little three-year-old girl was pretty good theology; she said to her sister, that if God were to come into the room, she would not run away, but would put her arms around his neck and kiss him."

That little girl had been taught that God is a loving and attractive Being, a Father in whom all his children may confide, and who loves them all better than any earthly father can love his children. But this good minister, who is not a Universalist, did not seem to understand that he was representing the God of Universalism as plainly as he could, in these words. Surely no child who had been taught to believe that God would suffer any of his creatures to be endlessly miserable, while he had the power to save them, could ever feel like coming to his arms as she would to those of a kind and tender earthly parent.

We are glad, however, that this good minister said these words. We wish that more ministers would speak thus about their Heavenly Father. They would help the children better to understand the Psalmist's words: "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O Lord; therefore do the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." God is the best being in the Universe; therefore all his children should give him their first and constant love.

What Does It Mean?

There goes a penny from those little fingers into the Missionary Box! It is a child's offering, and what does it mean? Let us think. It means work for the General Convention to do. It means an educated ministry, new churches planted, feeble ones aided, books and tracts teaching our holy faith, scattered abroad where they are most needed. That penny just dropped into the box means all this. Surely it is worth giving, and those little fingers are doing a good work.

Children's Sunday was celebrated at the School Street Church, Boston, the first Sunday of June. The altar was finely decorated with flowers, white prevailing. Four large pyramid and two fountain bouquets adorned the altar, while vines of smilax and ivy intertwined with white clove pinks surrounded the top of the pulpit, and the picture of Father Ballou above. The communion table was bordered with flowers, from which depended wreaths of smilax, while a tall fountain bouquet was in the midst. The pedestal on which stood the font was massed with flowers, mostly roses, and wreathed with green, while the font was edged with tiny white bouquets, each with a white rose-bud, which were given to the little ones, "an emblem of their own sweet lives." Ten members were added to the church, nearly all members of the Sunday School. It was one of the beautiful days.

An unlearned but spiritual mind may understand the Bible much more readily than learned unbelief.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XLI.

THE MIRACLES OF GIVING SIGHT TO TWO BLIND MEN, AND SPEECH TO A DUMB MAN.

"Who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. ix. 27–36.

Question. — When Jesus left the house of Jairus, who followed him?

Answer. — Matt. ix. 27.

Q. — In what language did they appeal to him?

A. — Matt. ix. 27.

Q. — Did Jesus immediately heed their appeal, or did he test their faith by permitting them to follow him?

A. — Matt. ix. 27.

NOTE. This house was probably in Capernaum.

Q. — By what question did he further try their faith?

A. — Matt. ix. 28.

Q. — What was their reply?

A. — Matt. ix. 28.

Q. — What did Jesus say as he touched their eyes?

A. — Matt. ix. 29.

Q. — What followed this act and these words?

Q. — Matt. ix. 30.

Q. — Could the men retain their joy?

A. — Matt. ix. 31.

Q. — Who was brought him as the restored blind men left the house?

A. — Matt. ix. 32.

NOTE. The fact that this man was brought to him shows that he had some disease besides inability to hear. Undoubtedly the man was insane.

Q. — What did the multitude say when this man was enabled to speak through the power of Jesus?

A. — Matt. ix. 33.

Sometimes people regard faith as nothing, but it is the means by which we receive everything. It places us in relation to the divine blessing. It is the bucket let down into God's grace, without which man could not draw from that fountain. Therefore Jesus said to the blind men, as he touched their eyes, "According to your faith be it unto you."

Hidden Seed

Initial Bible Enigma.

1. A son of Rachel.
2. A son of Leah.
3. A son of Isaac.
4. The mount from which the ten Commandments were delivered.
5. The wife of Abraham.
6. A son of Shuah.
7. Was cast into the den of lions.
8. Was struck dead for lying.
9. The wife of Isaac.
10. A place where there were twelve springs of water.
11. An artificer of brass and iron.
12. A wicked king.
13. A land of famine.
14. The wife of Aquila.
15. A place where Adam dwelt.
16. A certain Jew mighty in the Scriptures.
17. An isle in the Mediterranean Sea.
18. A queen.
19. A sister of Aaron.
20. A brother of Amnon.
21. A son of Javan.
22. The father of Peleg.
23. A great city between Nineveh and Calah.
24. A city destroyed.

The whole one of the Beautitudes.

Answers.

June 17. As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

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